

Guye Blood

Dr. Hepworth

English 101-09

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The Little Red Mustang

The man was out for a walk when he noticed her bathing in the sun. The man had had mustangs before, and he remembered them every one.

He had heard about her from the local restaurant's round table - a place where men gathered each morning to tell lies and fable. There were tales of love, rumors of scandal, and warnings she was more than any man could handle. He thought most were designed to deceive, and he did not know how much he could believe, but now she was neglected, her life was not fulfilling, but nothing kind words, a tune-up and body work could not fix – if she was willing. This was no project for the inexperienced; she was wild and frisk and no rookie would risk this.

The man sought advice from friends who all said the same, “Don’t get involved; you will end up broke, with bruised knuckles, a busted heart, and no one else to blame.” Not the advice he had wanted to hear, he brushed off the dismay, because *lust* can lead a man to think that way. Late one summer afternoon, dressed with a nervous smile, he found the courage to stop for awhile. He stuttered and stammered and kicked at the dirt, like a school boy just learning to flirt. She was 20 years his junior, just barely old enough to be classy, and he stumbled for the words to ask her out – captivated by her cherry chassis.

This generation was his favorite body style, but it was her shape and size that caught his eyes - she had contours that made most men stop and stare, and the other models could not compare. The rear end was his preference he thought, as he whispered her name; lightly brushing her handles, he caressed her topless frame. He was filling with desire, oh... how he

longed to “kick the tires.” He had to be smooth and caring; she’d been down this road before, and he knew this was as much for her, as it was for him, as he unfastened the door. He took control with all the confidence that only *experience* could bring, but inside he was shaking and scared like a young man with a ring.

The man could sense her hunger for adventure as he tempted her to fly; but she hesitated at first with a moaning sigh. She was hard to start and her body was hard as metal, but she encouraged him, with each pressing of the petal. She accepted his presence with a spark from the coil, and purred, as he coached her with words... to a feverish boil.

The man had had mustangs before, wild and free, they often left him feeling empty, with nothing but memories and a spare key. Some say taming a mustang is much like fine tuning a guitar; each requires a skill - as unique *as they are*.

It was awkward at first, each of them fumbling as they shifted through different speeds; he was becoming confident he could fulfill her needs. He could taste her losing her discretion as he grasped second gear: the sounds of an eager girl as she laid down stereo-tracks, and drifted in the rear. They soon found the rhythm of synchronicity - of which so many seek. Her audible tones encouraged him to see what she could do - “knock off the rust” - so-to-speak. She was ripe to respond, as he made his way through dangerous curves, over hills and through each valley. With the change in her pitch she knew how to entice with a tease, and her youthful overdrive crested each peak with torrential ease. He knew not the hour for it was lost in the flight, but he knew for all of time, she would remember this night.

It was an erotic journey, but their final destination, they both had arrived, as they embraced each other in a clutch; he could not remember a mustang that had moved him this much. Her distinct fragrance was now etched into his mind – and he would know her, even if he

was blind. The cool summer breeze caressed over their warm bodies as they both lay in silent exhaustion – words, would have been, an unwanted interruption.

The man had had mustangs before, and he loved them every one. Each one was as unique as the next, but surely... this was “*the one*.”

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